

MARVEL

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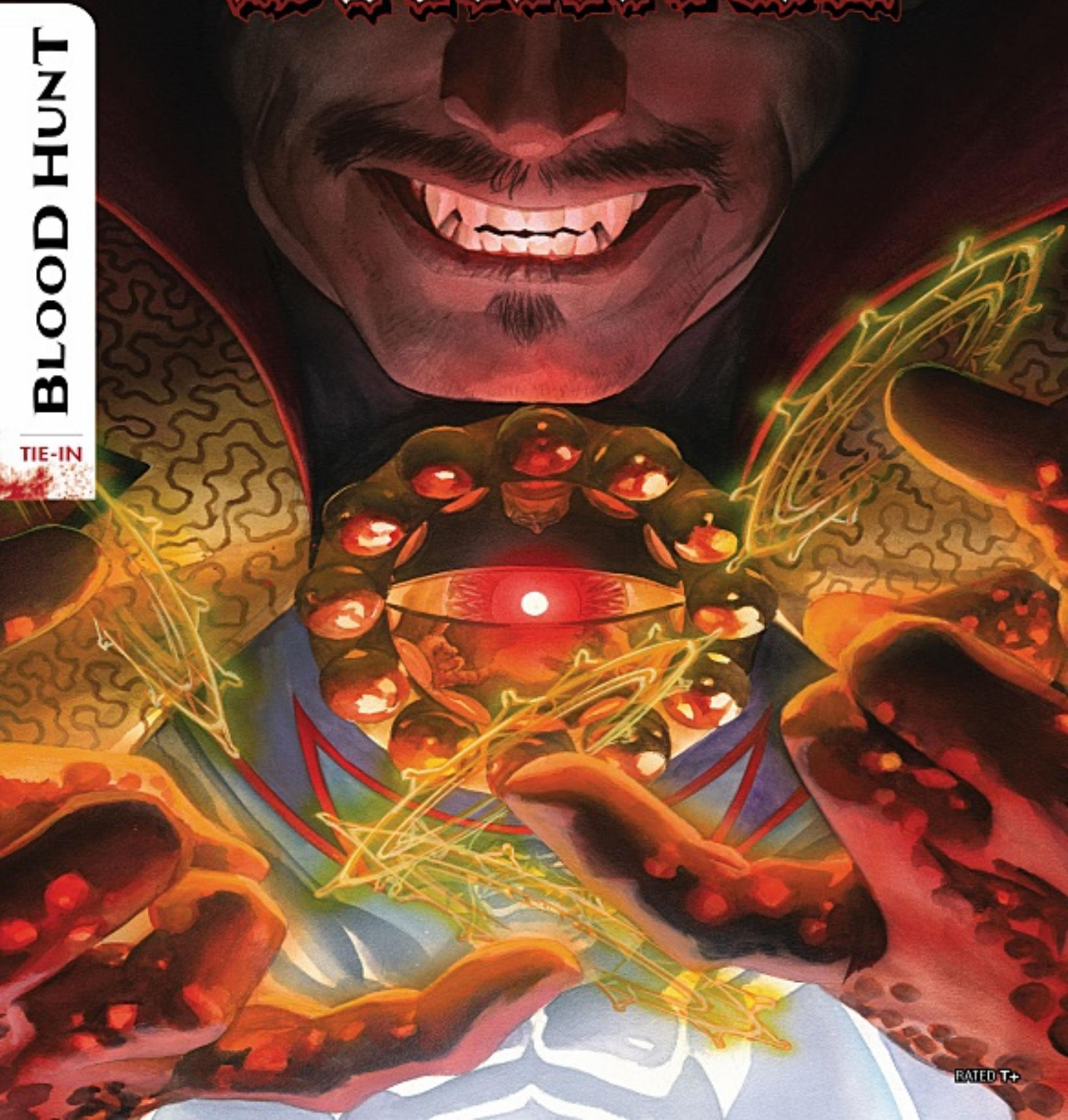
LGY#441

MacKAY
FERRY
MOORE

DOCTOR STRANGE

BLOOD HUNT

TIE-IN



RATED T+

DOCTOR STRANGE

**WARNING, YOU MUST READ BLOOD HUNT #1
BEFORE READING THIS ISSUE!**

PREVIOUSLY IN
BLOOD HUNT #1...

As Sorcerer Supreme, Stephen Strange acts as Earth's mystic defender and consultant to its heroes in all things magic. So when the skies of Earth were darkened by simultaneous eruptions of Darkforce energy, Doctor Strange realized what it was: a vampire invasion.

With the Avengers defeated and no sun to save them, Strange and his beloved wife, Clea, began assembling the Montesi Formula, a lost spell with the power to destroy all vampires. But things are worse than even Stephen realizes, as Blade the vampire hunter has come to let his allies know how bad things really are...

"BLOOD HUNT PT. 1"

**JED
MACKAY**
WRITER

**PASQUAL
FERRY**
ARTIST

**HEATHER
MOORE**
COLOR ARTIST

**VC'S CORY
PETIT**
LETTERER

**ALEX
ROSS**
COVER ARTIST


LEE GARBETT; KEN LASHLEY & JUAN FERNANDEZ
VARIANT COVER ARTISTS

NOAH SHARMA
ASSISTANT EDITOR

DARREN SHAN
EDITOR

C.B. CEBULSKI
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DOCTOR STRANGE, CREATED BY STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO




WHO IS THIS
MASTERMIND?
DRACULA?

177A BLEECKER STREET.
THE LONG NIGHT,
THE BLOOD HUNT,
THE END OF HUMANITY.



NO,
NOTHING LIKE
THAT.

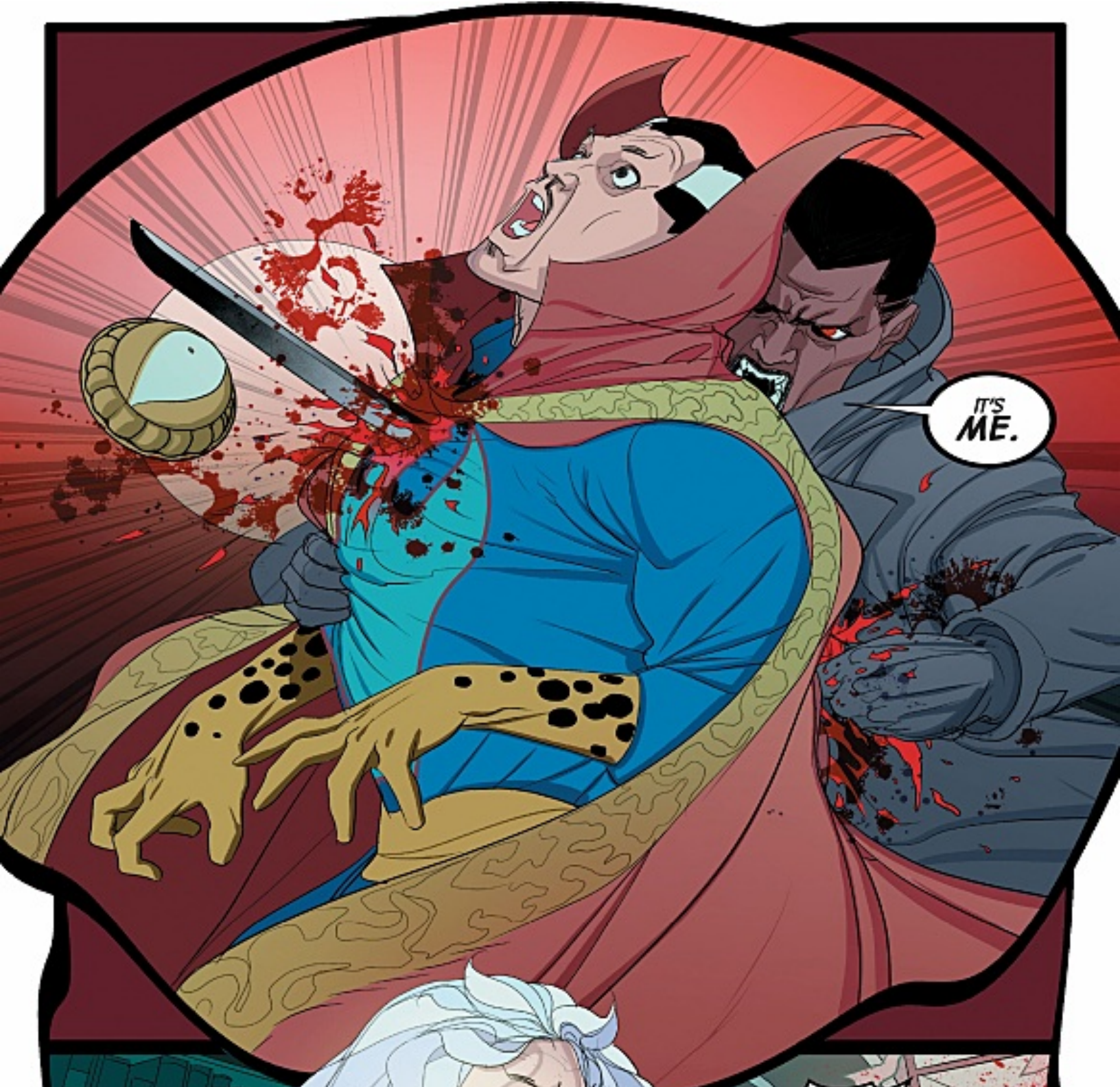


DO YOU
WANT TO KNOW
WHO PUT OUT
THE SUN?

WHO
RELEASED THE
CHILDREN OF
THE NIGHT?

WHO
ASSEMBLED THE
MONSTERS THAT
KILLED THE
AVENGERS?

THE
LEADER OF THE
STRUCTURE?






Clea, a blonde woman in a purple dress and black cape, is shown in a dynamic pose, casting a powerful spell. Her hands are outstretched, and a large, swirling purple and white magical energy field surrounds her. The background consists of concentric, wavy lines of purple and pink, suggesting a vortex or a powerful magical force.

NO!

Clea is in the air, surrounded by swirling purple and white magical energy. She is looking down at the Sorcerer Supreme, who is on the ground. The Sorcerer Supreme is wearing his traditional blue and red robe with a yellow sash and a black hat. He is looking up at Clea with a surprised expression. The background is a dark, swirling purple and white, with a large, glowing white circle in the center.

HOW ARE YOU STOPPING MY SPELL?

YOU ARE NO MAGE, DAYWALKER!

A close-up of the Sorcerer Supreme's face. He is wearing his black hat and sunglasses. His mouth is open, and he is looking up with a surprised expression. There is a small amount of blood on his chin. The background is a dark, swirling purple and white, with a large, glowing white circle in the center.

OH, CLEA, YOU HAVE NO IDEA.

The Sorcerer Supreme is being thrown through the air by Clea. He is wearing his blue and red robe with a yellow sash and a black hat. He is looking up with a surprised expression. The background is a dark, swirling purple and white, with a large, glowing white circle in the center.

AHHH...

A SORCERER SUPREME'S BLOOD HAS A TASTE, DOES IT NOT?

LIKE DRINKING THE VERY BLOOD OF THE WORLD.



STEPHEN!


STEPHEN,
HANG ON--



ATTEND TO
YOUR OWN
SAFETY, CLEA
STRANGE!




ATTEND
TO YOURS,
DAYWALKER!



FOR ALL
I SEE BEFORE
ME IS A DEAD
MAN.

LIFE,
DEATH.

SO
TRANSITORY,
ARE THEY NOT?



BUT
A LIVING
DEATH?

THAT IS
ETERNAL.

WHAT MANNER
OF SWORDS ARE
THOSE?

AH, LET
ME TELL YOU
A STORY.

IN OLD ATLANTIS,
NOT THAT SUNKEN MOCKERY
THAT **BOY-KING** REIGNS
OVER, THERE WAS A **SACRED
ORDER**, HUNTERS OF
MAGICIANS.

THEY FORGED
BLADES THAT COULD
KILL EVEN THE **CANNIEST**
SORCERERS, CUT THROUGH
ENCHANTMENTS, PROTECT
THEM FROM DARK SPELLS
AND HEXES.

THEY DIED, TO A
ONE, SCREAMING,
CHOKING ON THEIR
OWN BLOOD.

BUT THEIR
BLADES HAVE
REMAINED,
WAITING.

WAITING TO
DRINK THE BLOOD
OF MAGES ONCE
AGAIN.

SO
ENAMORED
WITH BLADES,
YOU ARE.

THEN
DROWN IN
THEM.

SARNIOS'
STORM OF
SWORDS!



AND IN RETURN!

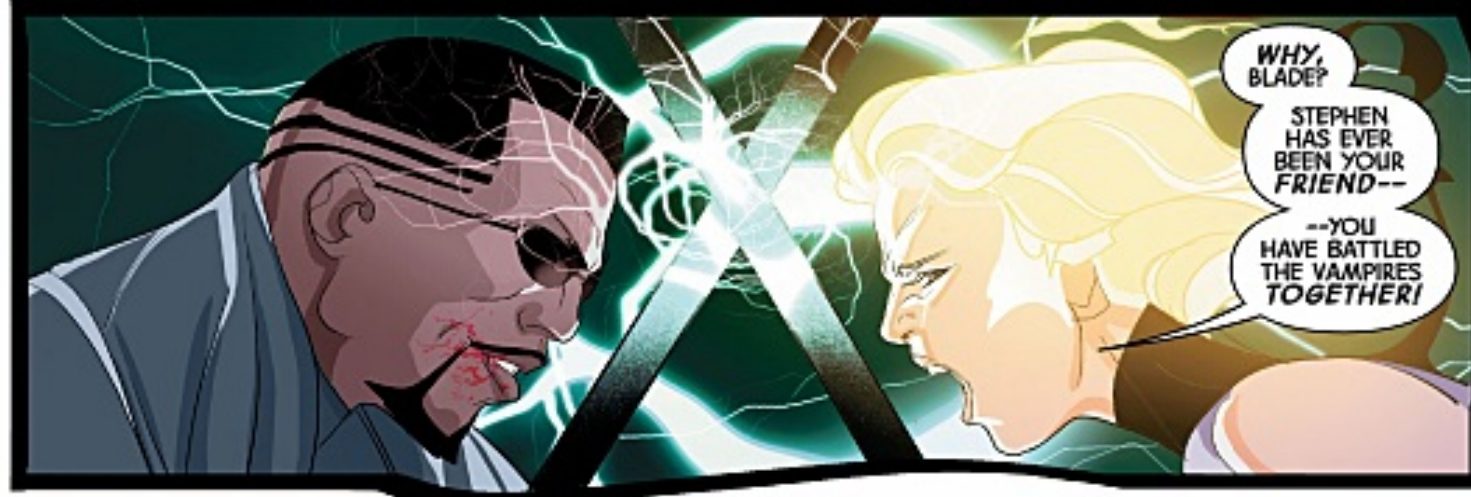


A FOOLISH MISTAKE.



I AM NOT LIMITED TO MAGIC, DAYWALKER. I AM WARLORD BORN--I CAN KILL WITH ANYTHING I FILL MY HAND WITH.

SPECTACULAR.



WHY, BLADE?

STEPHEN HAS EVER BEEN YOUR FRIEND--

--YOU HAVE BATTLED THE VAMPIRES TOGETHER!



MINE IS A
SCHEME THAT
HAS SPANNED
EPOCHS, CLEA
STRANGE.

AN END IN
THE MAKING FOR
THOUSANDS
OF YEARS.



LOOSING MY
HUNGRY CHILDREN
ACROSS THE GLOBE...
SHATTERING THE
AVENGERS...MERELY
MY OPENING
SALVOS.

BUT IN ORDER
TO ACHIEVE MY
LONG-DESIRED AIMS,
EARTH'S SORCERER
SUPREME MUST BE
DEALT WITH.



I MUST PULL
THE FANGS OF
THE MONTESI
FORMULA!

THE SPELL OF
THE DARKHOLD. THE
INCANTATION THAT WILL
ANNIHILATE EVERY
VAMPIRE IN THE
WORLD.

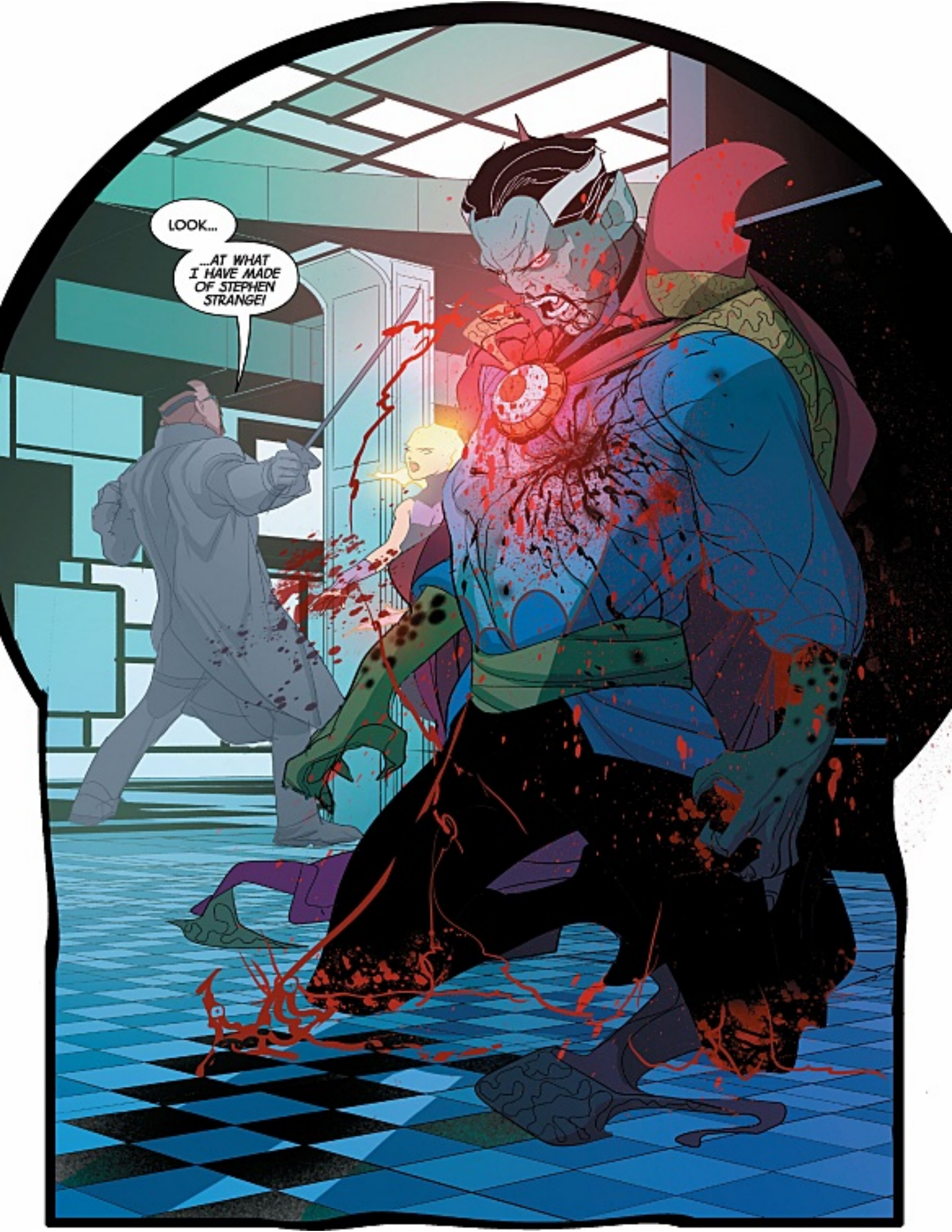
THE VERY
SAME.



YOU HAVE
SEALED YOUR
FATE, THEN,
BLADE.

FOR STEPHEN
AND I WILL NOT
REST UNTIL WE
HAVE ASSEMBLED
THE FORMULA.





LOOK...

...AT WHAT
I HAVE MADE
OF STEPHEN
STRANGE!





GODS
DAMN
YOU!

I DON'T
THINK THERE
ARE ANY WHO
HAVE NOT.



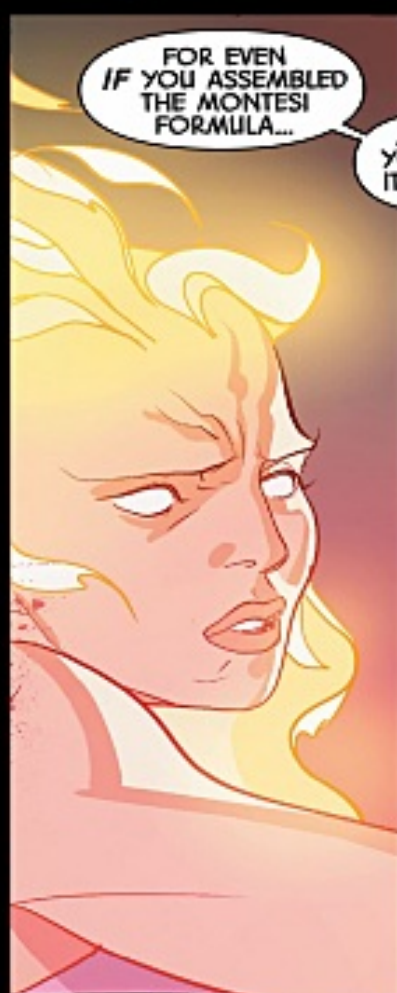
WHY DO
YOU STAY YOUR
HAND,
DAYWALKER?



BECAUSE I
HAVE WON.

I DON'T
WANT TO KILL
YOU, CLEA STRANGE,
AND I DON'T KNOW
IF I CAN TURN
A FALTINE.

BUT YOU
HAVE VALUE TO
ME JUST AS
YOU ARE.




FOR EVEN
IF YOU ASSEMBLED
THE MONTESI
FORMULA...




...COULD
YOU CAST
IT NOW?

COULD YOU
CAST IT, KNOWING
THAT YOU WOULD
BE KILLING YOUR
ONE LOVE?



KEEP THAT
THOUGHT IN
MIND, CLEA.

AND ENSURE
THAT NO ONE
ELSE CASTS THE
FORMULA.



I WILL
LIVE TO SEE
YOU DEAD...



PERHAPS.

BUT IT
WOULD NOT
BE THE *FIRST*
TIME I HAVE
DIED.

BLOODCOVEN...




...BRING ME
HOME.




STEPHEN...

STEPHEN,
YOU MUST
HEAR ME...




→HISSS!!!←

GODS
DAMN YOU,
STEPHEN, I
NEED YOU!



THE DAYWALKER HAS
TURNED YOU INTO A
VAMPIRE, MAKING YOU
SUSCEPTIBLE TO HIS
DOMINATION...




...BUT IT IS THE
CURSE OF YOUR
BODY THAT HAS
CLOUDED YOUR
MIND.

AND SO I
MUST SEPARATE
THE TWO.



WHEREVER YOU
ARE IN THERE, MY
LOVE, BRACE
YOURSELF...



...BECAUSE
THIS IS GOING
TO HURT.



YAAAAARRGH!!

CLARAPHON'S
CLEAVING!



OH
GODS--!

CLEA...



THERE
WAS NOTHING
I COULD DO! HIS
WILL COMPLETELY
ANNIHILATED
MINE--

HUSH,
MY LOVE. I
UNDERSTAND.



HOARY
HOSTS.

SO THIS
IS WHAT HAS
BECOME OF
ME.




A MINDLESS
THING OF
HORROR.

ZOUNDS.



THIS CHANGES NOTHING.

WE MUST ASSEMBLE THE MONTESI FORMULA--



WITH WHAT?!


THE DARKHOLD DOESN'T *EXIST* ANYMORE!

WE MUST FIND A *DIFFERENT* PATH TO VICTORY--




CLEA.

THIS IS BIGGER THAN EITHER OF US-- THIS IS THE *WORLD*--



THIS WORLD MEANS *NOTHING* TO ME WITHOUT YOU IN IT, STEPHEN STRANGE.

I WILL NOT SACRIFICE *YOU* TO SAVE IT. BUT THAT IS *BESIDE* THE POINT.



THIS IS WHAT HE WANTS, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

FOR US TO WASTE OUR TIME SCRAMBLING FOR A *MAGIC SPELL* TO FIX *EVERYTHING*. ALL THE TIME FIGHTING AGAINST OURSELVES IN THE FACE OF THE IMPLICATIONS, THE *SACRIFICE*.



BLADE BELIEVES THAT HE HAS NEUTRALIZED US.

BUT HE IS *WRONG*.

HE ATTACKED US--**BEAT** US
BECAUSE WE WERE DOING
WHAT HE **KNEW** WE
WOULD BE DOING.

BECAUSE WE
WERE BLIND TO THE
TRUE THREAT.

BUT OUR
EYES HAVE BEEN
TORN OPEN. WE
CANNOT **WIN** BY
DOING WHAT HE
EXPECTS
OF US.

WE MUST
SAVE YOUR
WORLD.

AND WE
MUST SAVE
YOU.

...ALL
RIGHT.

WE MUST
JOIN FORCES
WITH THE OTHERS--
THE OTHER
HEROES.

BLADE
BELIEVES US
BROKEN, SCATTERED.
IT IS UP TO US TO
SHOW HIM HOW
WRONG HE IS.

NOK
NOK
NOK

STRANGE!



AND NOW THEY
MAKE THEIR PLANS
TO SAVE THE DAY.

FOR I SPEAK QUITE LITERALLY--
WITH UNNATURAL DARKNESS
HAVING FALLEN, THEY MUST
TRULY SAVE THE DAY.

BUT WHAT THEY DON'T
KNOW IS THAT I AM
IN THIS STORY AS WELL.

AND IT IS ALMOST
TIME FOR ME TO MAKE
MY ENTRANCE.

ME, VICTOR
STRANGE, A
GHOST, A MIND
WITHOUT A BODY.

AND LOOK, A
BODY WITHOUT
A MIND.

**TO BE CONTINUED IN
BLOOD HUNT #2!**
THEN COME BACK NEXT MONTH
FOR VAMPIRE STRANGE VS. WONG!

NEXT:

DOCTOR STRANGE #16



DOCTOR STRANGE...THE VAMPIRE?!
Earth's mystic defender is off the board as the skies darken! Can Wong save Stephen from himself?
Or...can he save himself from Stephen?

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